Studies in American Drama. 1945 - Present. 1992, vol. 7:1: p.3-18.
ISSN: 0886-7097
http://www.ohiostatepress.org/

An Interview with Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee

By Nena Couch

As one of the great partnerships in theatre, Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee have written some of the longest running and most widely produced plays of this century, many of which have been called contemporary theatre classics. But their proudest accolade is when they are described as "The Thinking-Person's Playwrights." Ironically, since they most often work as a team, Lawrence and Lee have been dedicated, enthusiastic proponents of the individual. This commitment to the "dignity of the individual human mind," [Jerome Lawrence, "The Renaissance Man" (Lecture delivered at The Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio, 5 May 1969), 2] apparent in their first Broadway success, *Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!* in 1948, has continued to their newest play, *Whisper in the Mind* which premiered on October 5, 1990. Be that individual a delightful and free-thinking Mame *(Auntie Mame* and *Mame)* who urges us to discover new things about ourselves and the world, a Drummond *(Inherit the Wind)* whose balancing of the Bible and Darwin shows us that the open and inquiring mind is our champion against censorship, a Countess Aurelia *(Dear World)* who proves to us that "one person can change the world," a Supreme Court Justice Dan Snow *(First Monday in October)* who fights for the light for everyone, or a Thoreau *(The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail)* who is not afraid to march to a different drummer, Lawrence and Lee have populated stages all over the world with sometimes serious, sometimes witty, but always passionately committed, individuals. The playwrights are, as they say of Mame, enemies of "anything which places corsets on our minds or our soaring spirits" [Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, "Who Is Auntie Mame?" (draft of article for *Queen Magazine,* London), 3]. As Henry David Thoreau says for them, "Nobody leaves us with a smooth surface. We rough up the consciousness, scrape the moss off young minds."

Both Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee were born and raised in Ohio, Lawrence in Cleveland and Lee in Elyria. Even though Lawrence went to school at The Ohio State University and Lee was just a few miles away at Ohio Wesleyan, the two did not meet until after leaving Ohio. While each has been a prolific writer in his own right, the product of their legendary partnership is astonishing. They have written plays, book and lyrics for musical theatre, screenplays, radio and television scripts, biographies and textbooks, and numerous stories and articles for a variety of publications. They have often directed their own scripts and were among the founding fathers of Armed Forces Radio Service, the Margo Jones Award and American Playwrights Theatre. Lawrence is a Council member of the Dramatists Guild and the Authors League of America, Lee is a member of Writers Executive Committee of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences, and both have received the Writers Guild of America Valentine Davies Award "for contributions which have brought honor and dignity to writers everywhere." In recognition of their inestimable contribution to the American theatre, Lawrence and Lee have received numerous other awards, most recently their induction into the Theater Hall of Fame and membership in the College of Fellows of the American Theatre, both in 1990. They hold multiple honorary degrees. Both men have a deep commitment to teaching and have lectured and taught extensively both in the United States and abroad.

This interview was conducted via telephone conference call on January 24, 1991. Lawrence and Lee discussed their work in the context of the theme of an exhibit, "'Roughing Up the Consciousness': the Plays of Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee," mounted by the interviewer in the Philip Sills Exhibit Hall, The Ohio State University Libraries. September-November 1990. The Lawrence and Lee plays quoted are available in published editions. Other materials quoted are held in the Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee Collection, Library of the Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee Theatre Research Institute, The Ohio State University.

Couch: I see "roughing up the consciousness" in all your plays in one way or another. What interests me particularly is what in your early lives shaped you individually and then what brought you together.

Lee: Well, originally I didn't intend to make writing my career. I was determined to be an astronomer, so I went to Ohio Wesleyan which operated the giant telescope at Perkins Observatory in concert with OSU. Then I got interested in communications. And I began to get the feeling that somehow communicating with the stars and planets was pretty much a one-way street. So I plunged into broadcasting which led to my meeting Jerry in New York and getting to work with him. Ironically, we had never met in Ohio, though we were both Buckeyes, born and schooled thirty miles apart.

The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail, Goodman Theatre, Chicago, IL, 1971. Christopher Walken as Thoreau. Photograph by David H. Fishman.

Lawrence: I always wanted to be a writer. My father was a printer, my mother was an unpublished poet. The only deviation I had from playwriting was as a small-town newspaperman, which supplied me with masses of material for the writing years that followed.

Lee: All of our early radio writing, individually, then happily as a team, taught us to write for the ear.

Couch: Did particular authors and artists help shape your work, or have they, as Jerry has said, "been part of the chemistry of my life"? [Lawrence, "The Renaissance Man," 21]

Lawrence: Very much so. During my high-school and university years, I literally read every published play in the Cleveland and Ohio State libraries. from Greek drama in translation through Moliere and Dumas, *fils* (in French!), right down to the then-current Kaufman and Hart comedies. We advise our students to do the same, reading and seeing as many plays of the past and of the present as possible. And we suggest that they read these plays aloud, so they can "taste the dialogue in their mouths." I used to hitch-hike to New York every chance I had to see live theatre, during the days when there was damn little in the hinterlands of Ohio.

Lee: Of American dramatists, I think we were both affected by playwrights Thornton Wilder, Robert Sherwood . . .

Lawrence: Clifford Odets, Sidney Howard, Lillian Hellman, many others. Early on, I suppose I was most directly influenced by the, alas, almost-forgotten Maxwell Anderson, particularly by his fictionally-historical plays. I worked on a master's thesis, comparing his poetic *Winterset* with his far less effective and too-documentary-like *Gods of the Lightning*, (written with Harold Hickerson). Both plays were about Sacco-Vanzetti, but with *Winterset,* Anderson used poetic and dramatic license to fictionize, extrapolate, combine characters, to make the past relevant to the moment and to the future.

Lee: Jerry and I have tried to do all these things, not only with *Inherit* and *Thoreau,* but with as many of our plays as possible. Of course we've had a wider dramatic inheritance: certainly Shakespeare, certainly Shaw, O'Neill, Ibsen, Chekhov, O'Casey, in fact all down the line from Aeschylus to Noel Coward and beyond.

Lawrence: That "beyond" consisting of Beckett and Brecht. Ionesco and Anouilh. No working, breathing playwright can ignore their tremendous influence.

Lee: However, awareness of the power of other writers doesn't mean we want to emulate them. We don't want to be imitation O'Neills. But we can take courage from him to wear both the theatre masks, comedy as well as drama.

Lawrence: We are also privileged to rub shoulders with our colleagues-in-craft in the inestimable Dramatists Guild. They also became our cherished friends: Tennessee Williams, William Inge, Arthur Miller, Garson Kanin. . .

Lee: . . . Paddy Chayevsky, Robert Anderson, Lindsay and Crouse, John Patrick, Edward Albee, Marsha Norman . . .

Lawrence: . . . Wendy Wasserstein. Arthur Kopit. John Guare, Lanford Wilson, many others.

Lee: And in England: Peter Shaffer, Alan Ayckbourn, Tom Stoppard, Harold Pinter, Arnold Wesker. From South Africa, Athol Fugard; from the USSR. Rozov. Aitmatov, the late Arbuzov.

The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail, Dublin Theatre Festival production, 1972. Photograph by Pat Maxwell Photography. Reprinted by permission of the artist.

Lawrence: These troops from both sides of the Atlantic have been our fellow foot-soldiers in the battle of Broadway and the siege of London's West End.

Lawrence: The exhibit you mounted, Nena, was appropriately titled "Roughing Up the Consciousness" because that's what both of us have tried to do as writers from the very start.

Lee: I subscribe to that because I know as a borning scientist that nothing really adheres to a smooth surface. If you're aiming an idea at another mind, you hope it's not so slick it won't stick. You've got to ruffle up the smoothness of that recipient consciousness, otherwise your ideas will just slide off, slip away.

Lawrence: By "roughing up" we don't mean "beating up" (we're violently opposed to violence), but "shaking up" our audiences and, even more importantly, ourselves. We've also called that "sandpapering the soul." a kind of abrasivenes which digs beneath the false surface, the gilt (or guilt) surface and probes down there where the truth might be found.

Couch: What comes to mind immediately is the "Golden Dancer" speech from *Inherit the Wind.*

Lee: There's a lot of pent-up acid in that speech—to eat away the crust of complacency. Of placidity, of stasis.

Lawrence: The stand-still mind, the petrified thinking which always stays pat, never moving—even sideways.

Lee: Or shuffles in lockstep with everybody else, as in *Thoreau's* blast at people who "go along, go along!"

Lawrence: "Get along" by going along.

Lee: I think there is too much lubrication in life. I'd much rather see sparks than grease.

Lawrence: That's why we called one of our plays *Sparks Fly Upward.* Now here we have *The Angels Weep.* Reading it in this issue might make you think the second half of this bi-play is a sequel to *Inherit the Wind.* Actually, it's prequel, much like what Lillian Hellman did a few years after *The Little Foxes* by writing *Another Part of the Forest,* which is about the same characters, Regina and Birdie and Oscar, many years earlier.

Lee: The lawyer-on-trial in *The Angels Weep* is Henry Drummond earlier in his career. His speech in *Inherit the Wind,* chronologically many years later, explains how he felt when he himself was unjustly accused of being a near-criminal:

> It's the loneliest feeling in the world to find yourself standing up when everybody else is sitting down. ... I know. I know what it feels like. Walking down an empty street listening to the sound of your own footsteps. Shutters closed, blinds drawn, doors locked against you. And you aren't sure whether you're walking toward something -or just walking away.

Lawrence: Both halves of *The Angels Weep* take place in the same courtroom in the same city, Los Angeles, the City of Angels. The first half is "Sanity Hearing" concerning a woman who adored her father who had owned a department store; now her sanity is being questioned because she refuses to sell the store. This is vaguely related to a play we wrote early on called *Eclipse,* about my maternal grandfather who owned a family department store in Ohio. We never went beyond a first draft of it. I guess we didn't have the professional know-how or the guts in those days to rewrite and polish and perfect, which we've learned to do since.

Lee: Hopefully. You know, a lot of promising projects get sideswiped in the traffic of activity. I think every creative career leaves some abandoned vehicles along the side of the road.

Couch: Do you ever go back afterwards?

Lawrence: Sure. And *The Angels Weep* is a case in point. Though none of the actual material is used here, it is related to two of our previous works.

Lee: But it goes beyond to explore the psyche of lawyers and the court system, adding the Godot-ish characters of the two cleaning people, who can be played, incidentally, by two men, two women, or one of each, by whites, by blacks, by Hispanics, by any casting you want to use.

Lawrence: As long as they're truthful actors.

Couch: Which makes it flexible for all sorts of groups to produce. We are very pleased to be able to publish this play. Is this the first time it's been published? L*awrence:* The first time we've let anybody else see it.

Couch: Could we go to the radio plays and talk about that experience? Bob used the words "writing for the ear." I consider your radio plays a fascinating part of your work.

Lee: Nena, you know that some of our foremost playwrights began by writing radio plays: Arthur Miller, Arthur Laurents, John Patrick . . .

Lawrence: . . . Robert Anderson, Neil Simon.

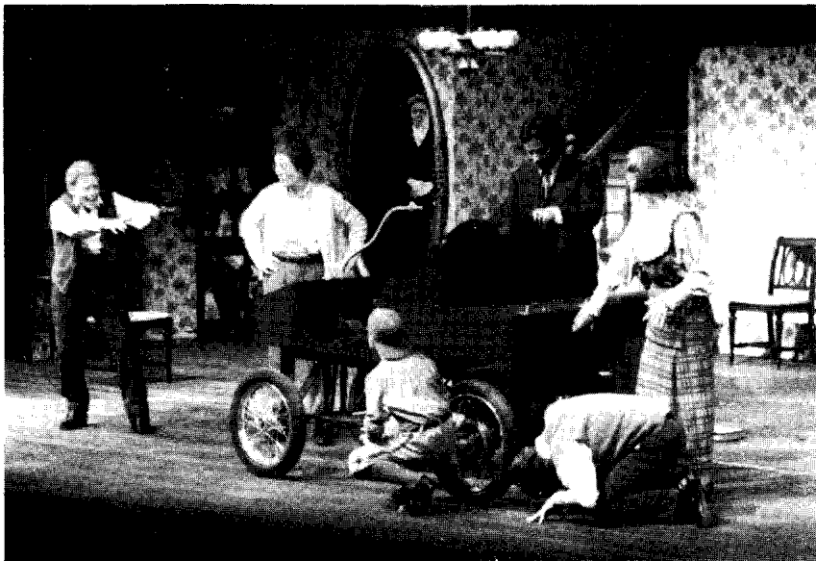
Lee: In the early days, when we were all making the transition into theatre, none of us wanted to be characterized as just radio writers.

Lawrence: Note that none of the dramatists we mentioned ever listed radio credits in their theatre Playbill bios.

Lee: That's because the New York critics thought that anybody writing for radio had to be a "commercial hack," forgetting the great writers in this medium like Norman Corwin and Archibald MacLeish, who wrote poetry and literature. And who knows? Maybe even we did occasionally.

Lawrence: I remember flying to New York, as national president of the Radio Writers Guild, to appear before the Council of the Authors League. I was appalled when a wonderful playwright like Elmer Rice said scornfully: "We don't want to have anything to do with you soap-opera writers."

Lee: But Elmer, who was a splendidly abrasive man, changed his tune completely.



Jabberwock: Improbabilities Lived and Imagined by James Thurber in the Fictional City of Columbus, Ohio. The Ohio State University Department of Theatre permiere production. James Thurber's daughter, Rosemary, as Mary Agnes Thurber, David Ayers as Grandpa Fisher. Photograph reprinted by permission of the OSU Department of Theatre.

Lawrence: Later he had a lot to do with the formation of American Playwrights Theatre, and came to know that everybody connected with it began as a radio writer. Live radio provided roots for the living stage. And none of us had ever touched a soap-opera with a ten-foot laundry pole.

Lee: Effective radio drama (and we directed most of our broadcasts) was a tapestry of words, music, sound.

Lawrence: It was theatre of the imagination.

Lee: Perhaps radio drama was much closer to theatre than motion pictures or television turned out to be. The visual media depend on the impact of spectacle. But both radio and theatre depend on *words* to fire the imagination.

Lawrence: Words and ideas made vivid.

Lee: If the quintessence of theatre is Shakespeare, he proved that the ultimate theatrical experience is primarily verbal.

Lawrence: His words create spectacle in the imagination of his audiences and readers. There are no roller skates, no cats in Shakespeare.

Lee: And very few car chases.

Couch: Bob, you once said that all audiences needed was a radio and imagination [Lee, "Lingering Thoughts About *The Railroad Hour"* (Encino, Calif., September 1986), 7]. But for the writers of a long-running show such as Lawrence and Lee's *The Railroad Hour,* it must have required a *huge amount* of imagination and ingenuity. What are some of the challenges you encountered?

Lee: To forget and never use the word "adaptation" when trying to bring to life the great musical theatre of the century. We preferred "re-creation," as if the original creators were writing and composing these works for the very first time.

Lawrence: "Adaptation" sounds like rendering lard, squeezing something down to the "handy economy size," in the manner of a *Reader's Digest* encapsulation. "Musicalization" is a more apt word in some instances, and with our *Favorite Story* and *Hallmark Playhouse* series, we always used the word "dramatization."

Lee: On *The Railroad Hour* we began to run out of great musicals, so we decided to originate new musical-theatre-for-the-air, and did some sixty broadcasts in which we musicalized, with original books and lyrics, famous stories, historical subjects, legendary tales, and quite a few yarns of our own.

Lawrence: We called them "Musi-plays" and several of them were later published as stage works and have been widely performed in schools and colleges.

Lee: The best example of this wedding of words and music was our blending Dc Maupassant's *The Necklace* with the theme melodies of Cesar Franck's "D Minor Symphony," making it a kind of mini-opera.

Lawrence: Or taking Bret Harte's *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and using the most appropriate major themes from Dvorak's "New World Symphony," set to original lyrics.

Lee: What an education the six-year-long experience on *The Railroad Hour* was for us, particularly getting to know and even work with Sigmund Romberg. Rudolf Friml. Oscar Hammerstein, Otto Harbach, Ira Gershwin, many others.

Couch: Young Love was another of your radio shows, wasn't it?

Lawrence: I guess the point of interest here is that *Young Love* was, in effect, a "comedy-a-clef." Though we called the setting of this radio-comedy "Midwestern University," it was based liberally on the Ohio State campus, with a little Ohio Wesleyan thrown in. And it starred Bob's wife, Janet Waldo, previously Corliss Archer and en route to being the voice of Judy Jetson.

Lee: The program was so Ohio-based that we used one actual historical incident, when a cow named Maudine Ormsby was elected Homecoming Queen. We even used her genuine name.

Lawrence: Milking history for all it was worth.

Couch: Could you say a bit about your play, *Jabberwock* because that's one that is near and dear to us in Columbus?

Lawrence: The full title is *Jabberwock: Improbabilities Lived and Imagined by James Thurber in the Fictional City of Columbus, Ohio.* Thurber was, of course, the supreme individualist, the Ohio maverick, the Columbus oddball. The "improbabilities" are what gave his imagination wings. His mother, Mary Agnes (all her real-life friends called her "Mame," which, of course, we couldn't do or audiences would think she'd escaped from a couple of our other plays) was really the perpetual "Kid from Columbus," which is what we'll call the musical when we get around to writing it. Mama Mary Agnes Thurber, alias Mame, was a maverick too, somewhat of a female Walter Mitty.

Lee: I think that probably our Ohio experiences come most into focus in *Jabberwock.* And the play began at Ohio State. We convinced university authorities to name the new theatre facility the "Thurber Theatre." They agreed to do it "if Lawrence and Lee write a play about Thurber to open the theatre." And we're awfully happy we did: it's one of our most joyful adventures of all the 39 plays we've written in the past near half-century.

Couch: Certainly the IDEA (that should be in capital letters!) figures in all your work—Drummond in *Inherit the Wind:* "An idea is a greater monument than a cathedral."

Lawrence: And certainly Auntie Mame who not only opens windows, but minds!

Couch: And Guzmano, the Schweitzer-like doctor-philosopher of *Sparks Fly Upward* who worries about the entire Western world "Trading in the human mind for a computing machine."

Lee: My wife is sure the computer is "Big Brother."

Couch: And there's a wonderful speech that follows: "One!"…

Lawrence: . . . "There is no number larger than ONE." And when they ask Senator Orton what he thinks of Guzmano, he says: "It's hard to argue with a good cello." He means that Guzmano makes a symphony of ideas, deep-sounding music out of language and thought.

Auntie Mame with Greer Garson as Auntie Mame. New York, 1958. Photograph by Vandamm. Reprinted by permission of the Billy Rose Theatre Collection, The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts.

Lee: I'm glad you brought that up because in many respects *Sparks Fly-Upward,* alias *Diamond Orchid,* is one of our favorite plays, partly I suppose because it's a slightly forgotten child and we think it had some of our best work in it.

Lawrence: Almost if not all of our plays share the theme of the dignity of every individual mind, and that mind's life-long battle against limitation and censorship.

Lee: People usually say that *First Monday in October* is about the first woman on the Supreme Court. Of course it is. but mostly it's about the real obscenity—censorship, and it attacks the kind of world-controllers who want to diminish our lives, limit our horizons.

Couch: One of my favorite speeches in *First Monday* is Dan Snow's about the light: "NOBODY has the right to turn on the darkness."

Lawrence: That's it. That's the point of it. You mustn't let yourself be pushed into the empty dark. You've got to keep looking for the light. You've got to keep sandpapering things until the light shines through. It's all related. *The Gang's All Here* is the probing of the presidency, not just *a* president. but *the* presidency. And *Only in America* is tearing the scab off the wounds of bigotry and racism then applying the healing ointment of humor and understanding.

Lee: And *Whisper in the Mind* thinks aloud about the tremendously important point that even a good idea, if it is misconceived, can backfire, can be harmful. If you try to get things too well ordered, your ego shouting that you've got everything figured out, all truths saddled and ready to ride the universal derby, you're in real trouble.

Lawrence: Getting a play on paper is a long-distance marathon. It takes stick-to-it-tiveness to create a play, to refine it. and polish it. You must have passion about your idea, in order to make your audiences think and feel and probe. There's no formula. You must travel untrodden paths, but always with open eyes and open mind.

Couch: Every one of your plays is related by this constant quality in terms of the *idea,* the *individual.* Yet each play has its own individuality.

Lee: Nena, I think that's one of the reasons we were so drawn to Norman Cousins (with whom we wrote *Whisper in the Mind)* and why we were so shaken by losing Norman. He had a quality-of-mind that I hope we have also: an enjoyment of life, an appreciation of the differences between people and the constructive interplay of those differences, the idea that living is a game, a contest which you sometimes win and sometimes lose. Out of that wonderful turmoil you find the real fun and laughter of living.

Couch: I think that you do have that "quality-of-mind." It speaks in your plays to audiences all over the world. Could you comment on some of your most memorable foreign productions?

Lawrence: Having Lillebil Ibsen, Henrik Ibsen's granddaughter, play Auntie Mame in Oslo and Bergen.

Lee: Having *The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail,* about the birth of civil disobedience, translated into Russian and performed at the Theatre of Young Spectators in Leningrad, long before glasnost.

Lawrence: And most recently, having our *Thoreau* translated into Cantonese, and performed at the Hong Kong Repertory Theatre in honor of the students who died at Tiananmen Square in Beijing.

Lee: And the 1989-91, 18-month run of *Inherit the Wind* in Israel . . .

Lawrence: ... in Hebrew, with an Arab playing the lead. Twenty years earlier, Habimah also produced it in Hebrew. And simultaneously it was published in Arabic in Egypt. I stood on the stage of the Pocket Theatre in Cairo and said: "Here's a speech I've always wanted to read aloud from a platform in Egypt: An idea is a greater monument than a cathedral. And the advance of man's knowledge is more of a miracle than any sticks turned to snakes or the parting of waters!' "

Couch: There are plays of yours that many people may not even know exist, like *The Incomparable Max and Crocodile Smile.*

Lawrence: And they, too, are about anomalies, eccentrics, the distinctive individualists of our world.

Lee: The odd fish.

Lawrence: But that odd fish often turns out to be a whale of a genius.

Couch: Those two plays are interesting because they're so related to the life of the theatre, theatre within theatre.

Lawrence: Our very first Broadway adventure was a backstage glimpse of the ballet. *Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!,* with Nancy Walker as a bumbling ballerina and choreography by the incomparable Jerome Robbins. But its underlying thesis is that you'll lead a terrible life if your sole goal is to embrace what F. Scott Fitzgerald called "the bitch-goddess success," especially if you hurt people in your hacking drive into her arms. It turned into a very pleasant musical.

Lee: Please understand, Nena, we have no prejudice against success. But if success is your only motivation, you're a failure. You need more meaningful goals.

Lawrence: To live the John Donne ethic: "I am involved in mankind." Totally. And being perceptive enough to be "part of the whole," understanding it, appreciating it, transmitting that idea in your work.

Lee: What separates the quick and the dead is the ability to perceive and to process perception. When somebody can no longer react to what he perceives, he's brain-dead. But when the consciousness, the perceptive apparatus is electrified and alerted—"roughed up" if you will—then the total human being becomes totally alive.

Couch: Jerry, you once said that no one "has a platform that ultimately reaches more people" [Lawrence, "The Renaissance Man," 2] than the playwright. That's a sobering thought. How do you feel about the responsibility that places on you?

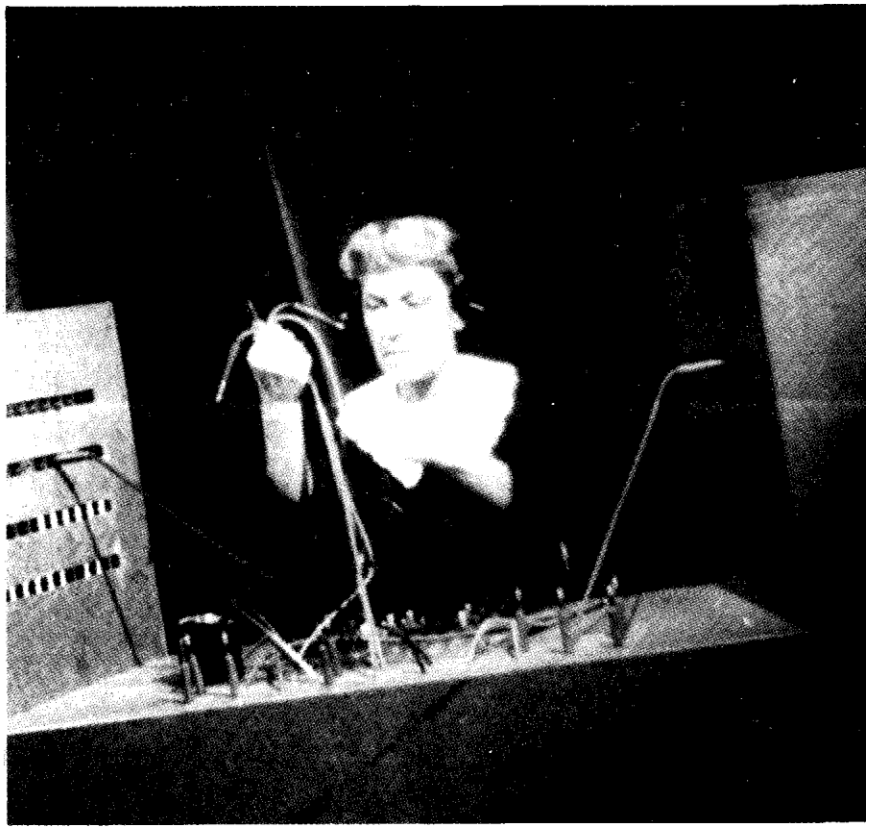
Lawrence: It's more important, we think, to be interesting than to be important.

Lee: If you're too worried about being "significant" what you write will be insignificant.

Lawrence: Or being "pertinent" turns out to be impertinent.

Lee: And being lofty turns out being downright dismal.

Lawrence: Nena, when I was in residence in Columbus a month or so ago, I was invited to conduct seminars at a dozen high school assemblies. Most of the students seemed bright, but generally "laid-back." I always read them "Grasses," the meadow scene in our *Thoreau* play: "Watch! Notice! Observe! . . . Did you ever have any *idea* so much was going on in Heywood's Meadow? I'll wager even Heywood doesn't know." And suddenly I felt they started to come awake, they were really watching, not merely keeping their eyes open, really listening. And by the end of each seminar, I sensed most of those students had begun to realize that the full life is living not just once, but a hundred times every minute, by absorbing with your pores and your souls, by daily roughing up your consciousness.



Auntie Mame with Beatrice Lillie as Mame in the New York and London production, 1958. Photograph by Jerome Lawrence. Reprinted by permission of the artist.

Lee: But writers who have a substantial body of work face a terrible danger— the "rear-view-mirror syndrome." We want to look forward, not back. Oh, it's wonderful that the Theatre Research Institute at Ohio State has been able to pull much of our work together and to give it a cohesion and an archival permanence. But Jerry and I must constantly be interested where the creative road is going, not where it's been, so we can hope to "shake up" the twenty-first century, too.

Lawrence: That's why we both teach and lecture all over the world. Because we feel the surest way to guarantee just a shred of immortality is to write, to teach, to have children. Now Bob's been luckier than I have, he's done all three; I don't have any physical, rock-them-to-sleep, shake-them-awake children. But then I say: Hey, wait a minute. All our plays are our children, too. And when our students write healthy, bouncing plays, that's like having grandchildren.

Couch: That's more than a shred of immortality.

Lee: We are so pleased that you're conducting this interview, Nena.

Lawrence: And everything you are doing at the Lawrence and Lee Theatre Research Institute is so important to us.

Lee: Do you know that for years nobody knew where Thoreau's actual draft of *Walden* was and what had become of his original notes'? Finally they turned up in a box under his aunt's bed. I know how priceless those yellow foolscap pages are, neatly inscribed with a Thoreau pencil; I've held them in my hand at the Huntington Library in Pasadena. So many things get lost, unless there are dedicated people like you and Alan Woods and all your staff to pull everything into perspective.

Lawrence: We're delighted that the editors have included in this issue a bibliography of Lawrence and Lee works, and frankly, we're staggered at the long list of foreign translations of our plays.

Lee: I'm staggered at the things we have *yet* to write.